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Our Parting.

A LONE we stood where stormy waters mark
Their foamy lines upon the lonely shore;
We spoke a fond farewell, and said no more;
Then all our ways of life grew strangely dark:
You said the dreamy flowers, that star the park,
Would welcome our next tryst; but like Lenore—
She whom the raven spoke in sorrow o'er—
You did for Aidenn silently embark.

No grief we knew when there we were alone,
Dear love, you pinned the roses on my coat,
And laid your cheek upon my arm and said
World-sorrow meant no more than ocean's moan,
Nor cared you where your drifting bark might float,
If but you were with me, and we were wed.

J.

The Purity of American Literature.

M. JAMES NEY, '97.

H E waves that beat on Plymouth Rock sing more than a song of freedom; they carry outward to the far-off shores of the Old World the story of American virtue and valor, and the undying proof of these—a literature as pure and unsullied as our flag.

When Columbus stepped aboard the *Santa Maria* to furrow the untried Atlantic, his mission meant more to the human race than freedom from the chains of despots. It meant the discovery of a new world, where virtue was to be loved and vice despised, where the absurd prerogatives of hereditary titles, and the divine right of kings to do wrong, were to be crushed, and the liberty and equality of men were to reign supreme.

The spirit that animated the Pilgrim Fathers to break their chains of oppression, the ardor that burned in the breast of Washington, the

devotion that made our fathers leave their bloody footprints in the snows of Valley Forge, were shared by the men who were to give America her literature. We do not believe, as some people do, that the age of miracles is past. America is the most stupendous of miracles. There are no brighter pages in the world's history than those which record the deeds of the little patriot band, who, like Horatius at the bridge, not only held the mighty foe at bay, but met and defeated them in the open field. If God has ever been to any people a "pillar of fire" in the midnight of darkness and terror, surely, He has been such to the founders of America.

As much as we glory in our pre-eminence as a nation, we have still greater reason to be proud of our literature. Our writers are known the world over, and the works of many have been translated into foreign tongues. While France revels in literary perversity, Germany and England give the world volumes of infidelity, and the general European press pours forth its unpalatable pages, America stands with a literature as pure and wholesome as the petals of a wild rose. We do not think this an overdrawn simile; for if there is a literature on earth that can fitly be likened to the beauties of the floral world, it is that composed of the pure pages of Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, Harte, Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne and Irving. In that dream-city which rose like a mirage on the shore of Lake Michigan, in that magnificent exposition where the nations of the earth vied with one another in the display of human ingenuity and the progress of human thought, there was no department which we Americans viewed with more pardonable conceit than those shelves whereon reposed the volumes of our literature.

The first page ever written on American soil was upon a divine subject. Increase and Cotton

Mather were not eloquent writers; they were too much in earnest to think of ornament; they were too anxious, too serious, to think of the subtleties of style. They had even more desirable qualities: purity of thought, honesty of purpose and soundness of judgment—fit precursors for those who were to follow. The Puritan hatred of vice and levity, the Quaker love of virtue and honor, the Catholic craving for freedom of conscience, the universal loathing of tyranny, formed the nucleus of American letters, which has now grown to such admirable proportions.

The pathetic pages of Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" struck the shackles from countless thousands of slaves. The eloquent pages of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" made the world shudder with a loathing of vice and sin. The beautiful character of Longfellow's "Evangeline" has been an inspiration to womanhood in the practice of virtue, of patience and of fortitude. The poet's depiction of the harmonious lives of the Acadians has been the means of making happier many a fireside. "Hiawatha," with its "odors of the forest," forms our national epic, and Irving's "Sketch Book" and humorous "Knickerbocker's History" are garlands that will not fade."

Among our imaginative writers the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne is pre-eminent. With the force of Macaulay and the imagination of a true poet he has left us literary gems that will never dim. He was a true democrat at heart, and felt that he held his pen in trust; but while he was a Puritan in religion he very seldom descended to bigotry. Perhaps no other literary man ever led a purer life than did Nathaniel Hawthorne. Still, like the water-lily that grows in the stagnant pond, and unfurls its loveliness in the darkness of the night, his genius thrived in the venomous exhalations of sin and depravity. With the exception of some of his shorter sketches, he has not written on a subject that has not largely to do with human misdeeds. His obvious purpose was to make sin hateful to men by depicting it in all its ugliness. To say that he has succeeded admirably in that most commendable project would be to repeat a truism. No one can read the "Scarlet Letter" without feeling a shudder at the baseness of dualism, and without acquiring an increased hatred for hypocrisy. In the character of Hester Prynne, he has given us an example of womanly fortitude that would be difficult to equal in the entire field of English fiction. There is a noble heroism in that man or woman,

who, though fallen, is not afraid to face the world, acknowledge his or her guilt, offer atonement, resolve on reformation, and willingly submit to the most humiliating punishment. What a totally different world this would be were men and women candid enough to act thus!

We often meet those who are disposed to sneer at Hawthorne's characters. They condemn them on the ground that they are mere puppets in the hands of a very skilful manipulator, where they become eloquent exponents of puritanical righteousness. Morality, however, is a most desirable thing, whether it be the child of Christianity or the natural virtue found at times even in Buddhism or Mohammedanism. The "Scarlet Letter" should be held as a legacy by every American, not only because it is a literary treasure, and a unique book, but also because it represents a period of our country's history which has almost been hidden in the mist of years. It is a precept of moral philosophy that there is a continual progression in the manners of men. It is highly interesting to notice this advancement in our own America. Our fathers believed in witchcraft, and treated in the most summary way those who practised it. Today the idea seems too ridiculous, and is, indeed, too absurd to merit serious thought. To speak about one being a witch, these days, in any other than in a jocular sense, is a certain indication of mental decay.

To return to Hester Prynne—there is much about her character that challenges the admiration of mankind. As much as we admire her fortitude, we have still higher regard for her charity in not exposing to the world her fellow unfortunate—Arthur Dimmesdale. In this the author has shown his superb art and his evident purpose. Arthur Dimmesdale is a man unquestionably conscientious; he fills a position in the world—he is a minister of the Gospel, which naturally presupposes virtue and integrity. He certainly possesses these attributes in a high degree. To such a soul nothing is more galling than a guilty conscience. In view of his very pronounced traits, we must conclude that his fall was not altogether his own doing. Here the nobility of Hester Prynne's character asserts itself. A less charitable soul would not be content in falling alone from her social status, she would drag others down with her. Instead of so doing she shoulders all the blame, and stands upon her pedestal of shame with the scarlet letter on her bosom, to be ever afterward the outcast of society; and the object

of a scorning world. The real lesson is conveyed to us in the character of Arthur Dimmesdale—the horrible suffering of a sincere soul laboring under the burden of imposed dualism. Among the many things that make the "Scarlet Letter" a most valuable work is that it is fact, not fiction. The circumstances of the plot actually happened in Salem in early colonial days. It was from a musty manuscript in the Custom House of that city that Hawthorne, while surveyor, obtained the material which he has so artistically wrought into this very popular book.

The "House of the Seven Gables" is an eloquent denunciation of the sin of avarice. It is an enlargement of the biblical theory that the curse against sin may be transmitted unto the third and fourth generations. The characters of Judge Pyncheon, Hepzibah, Clifford and Phoebe are real men and women. Great credit is due the author for treating a subject of sheer ethical abstraction in so entertaining a style. The "Blithedale Romance" is a most interesting book. It is the story of the young people who, some fifty years ago, banded together to make a Utopia of Brook Farm, and reform the world. Hawthorne was himself one of these, and his descriptions, always graphic, have here the additional charm of being authentic. The chief merit of this book is the moral it conveys and the study of character which it affords. There is genuine, elevating entertainment in the beautiful disposition of Zenobia, the childishness of Priscilla, and the awkwardness of Hollingsworth. Among his shorter stories—those delightful sketches in "Mosses from an Old Manse," and "Twice Told Tales"—there is none that equals in point of beauty and tenderness "The Gentle Boy."

It is gratifying to know, while European nations have found it necessary to establish a censorship of the press, that that provision of the Constitution of the United States, which guarantees absolute freedom as to publications, has never been abused by an American author. There is an inherent nobility in the American mind which makes it recoil from immoral literature. To the great credit of our authors be it said that they have not written anything for the entertainment of young girls and boys on which they would be ashamed to converse with them personally. The mother and father who are anxious lest any contaminating book fall into the hands of their children need inquire no further than the title-page of the volume selected to be read. If the name thereon be

that of a recognized American writer, they can safely give it to their boys and girls; for its purity is guaranteed.

It is beyond the limits of this necessarily brief essay to do justice to so great a subject. We realize that we have but glanced over the broad field of American letters. That glance has, indeed, been superficial. We have consciously overlooked our great school of contemporary writers. The brilliant work of Mr. Marion Crawford, Mr. Wm. Dean Howells, Mr. Bret Harte and a score of other Americans, deserves high praise. We have thought best for our present purpose to confine our remarks to a special kind, instead of to generalities. We had hoped to make mention of our humorists and their work, which bears the true American stamp—cleanliness and a regard for the feelings of others. These words of John Kendrick Bangs, one of our foremost humorists, in a letter to a member of the SCHOLASTIC Staff, give expression to the principles of the American humorist: "Cleanliness, wholesomeness and kindness of spirit are the planks of the platform upon which what humor I have shall always rest." Quite a difference this from the tactics of the average European humorist, whose wit is usually so coarse and indelicate as to be absolutely disgusting. The foreigner gives evidence that he writes for a public whose diaphragms can not be shaken by anything short of the vulgar.

We have dwelt more particularly upon the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne because we consider him the most representative of American writers, and because his works, with the exception of the "Marble Faun," deal with home subjects, and should accordingly be the best means of proving the purity of American literature

Lines to a Dejected Lover.

I HAVE not seen her hair nor heard her voice
 Nor looked into her mirrored eyes so true.
 And fair; and yet I know, when I shall view
 That face, my heart can but commend your choice.
 I fancy she has soft eyes, that rejoice
 To show in roguish mirth their love for you;
 A skin so clear that veinéd blood shines through,
 Like turquoise laid in marble, to revoice
 The fairness of her soul; a wayward throng
 Of half-coquettish locks that love to twine
 Adown her dimpled cheeks. The lyric strain
 Of Milton's soul, or Shelley's more divine,
 Alone could move these queenly charms among
 And weave them fittingly in sweet refrain.

FRANK EARLE HERING (*Belles Lettres*),

The Battle of New Orleans.

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.

The battle of New Orleans is an interesting event in the history of war in this country. It was a contest between the sturdy American yeomanry and the superb soldiery of England, and, of course, we all delight in the story of those battles in which the young republic brought cowed and repentant to her feet the haughty motherland.

At New Orleans was won a most decisive victory, and strange to say, the battle was fought after the treaty of peace was signed; for they had no telegraphs in those days, and word of the treaty did not reach this land until the rejoicings over the result of the battle had died away. The news of Jackson's success came like a burst of sunshine after long days of darkness and storm. The importance of its effect on the nation at that time can not be over-estimated; it brought hope and rejoicing where there had been sadness and doubt. For those were dark days in 1814, and the sunshine of victory was a most welcome boon.

War, unless counterbalanced by victory, has a depressing effect even on most powerful nations; to our country, weak and small as it then was, the progress of the fight with England was disheartening. Discouraging news had been received from the peace commissioners at Ghent. Great Britain threatened that consent to her holding her conquests would be the only condition upon which she would come to peace, and British soldiers, present both in Canada at the north and in Georgia and Carolina at the south, seemed ready to make good the threat. The federal government could scarcely demand reverence or even respect, and faith in its power and stability was shaken. Without money or credit, with an army and navy small and wretchedly equipped, it seemed, as the year 1814 drew to a close, that the young republic had but a poor chance of defending itself against the armies of Great Britain. The news, however, of the signal victory at New Orleans brought relief and hope to the anxious, and then came word of the treaty; and amid rejoicings of the people, the second war with England closed.

It was in the dark days of November, 1814, that the British force began to move against New Orleans. There were about ten thousand soldiers—and these were trained veterans—engaged in this expedition, and among the

commanding officers were Keane and Packenham, both distinguished soldiers of Wellington's army. Packenham had superior command of the forces and conducted the movement. When the importance of the advance into Louisiana was appreciated, steps were taken for the defense of New Orleans, and General Andrew Jackson was ordered to the command. Jackson was a good soldier, bold and energetic, and upon his arrival at New Orleans he set to work with a will. The city was put under martial law; works of defense were soon building, and all available forces were gathered. There came at Jackson's call a body of volunteer riflemen from Tennessee and Kentucky who were to take an important part in the fight that followed, and were to receive the chief honors of the victory.

In the middle of December, the British arrived in Louisiana and made a lodgement on the banks of the Mississippi about fifteen miles below the city. Jackson planned an elaborate night attack, hoping to surprise the enemy, and by means of the naval and land forces to attack them conjointly on several sides and rout them from their position. The plan, however, as is usually the case with such co-operative movements, was not very successful, and after a short engagement, in which neither side gained a decided advantage, Jackson withdrew to his works. He proceeded to strengthen these and to wait for the enemy to attack him, as he saw that his chances of success were better in defensive than they were in offensive fighting. The British, ignorant of Jackson's strength, decided to wait for some expected reinforcement, and were slow in moving against the American works. Early in the new year, however, they became more demonstrative, and by the eighth of January they prepared for a general attack.

Jackson's works were on the left bank of the river several miles below the city, and General Morgan had charge of those on the right bank. On the morning of the eighth, Col. Thornton, with a small force of British troops, was sent across the river to attack Morgan, and at the same time Packenham with the main force moved against Jackson. Thornton's move was simply to keep Morgan engaged and away from Jackson, and although the British commander was very successful in his attack it was of no importance, and it could not be followed up unless Packenham routed Jackson. The real fight, then, was on the left bank of the river; and the result of the battle depended

entirely on whether or not Packenham could capture Jackson's fortifications. Understanding this, Packenham selected for the undertaking about six thousand men—and picked veterans they were, superbly drilled, disciplined and equipped. Jackson's troops numbered about the same, but they were a mixed set of regulars, militia and civilians, mostly ununiformed, with little discipline and scarcely any drilling.

Such were the contending forces that met that morning, and it seems almost incredible that the short engagement should have resulted in a loss of 2117 (killed and wounded) to the British, and only six killed and seven wounded to the Americans. Yet that was the case, and a brief account of the engagement itself will explain the remarkable result.

General Jackson had erected some works of earth facing the river, and behind these he placed his regular troops. Later he improvised another set of works which started at the river and extended back to a large swamp; constructed of logs and earth, they were about two feet high and ran at right angles with the river and the main ramparts. Behind these were placed the Tennessee and Kentucky riflemen, expert sharpshooters, who used the long-barreled, American rifle and seldom missed their aim. They were ununiformed, but they were disciplined and commanded by General Coffee.

According to plan, the British forces assembled early on the morning of January the eighth to attack and capture Jackson's fortifications, and Packenham decided to begin operations by taking the branch of the works held by the riflemen. These works seemed by far the weakest, and when captured would enable the British to reach Jackson's main force by flank. As they were guarded by ununiformed men, and looked far from formidable, Packenham ordered that they be taken by bayonet. Drawing almost his entire force before the riflemen's ramparts, the charging column was formed at a distance of six hundred yards from the works and soon started forward. A grand spectacle they must have presented, that superb, massed column, sixty files deep, with bayonets gleaming and scarlet coats brilliant in the morning light.

According to Jackson, the disposition of the riflemen had in the meantime been made as follows: They were told off in numbers one and two—number "one" to fire, then to step back and reload, while number "two" took their places, and *vice versa*. Then the order was

given not to fire until they could see the buckles of the enemy's belts. It was a second Bunker Hill. On came the charging column with fixed bayonets and at double-quick. Grimly silent knelt the riflemen, the long barrels of their guns resting on the logs before them, their fingers on the triggers, their eyes on the approaching column. Says Jackson, in a letter describing the battle: "My riflemen had never before seen such an attack, nor had they ever before fought white men. The morning, too, was damp; their powder might not burn well. 'God help us!' I muttered watching the rapidly advancing column." The red-coats drew near with increased speed, but the riflemen did not flinch, and not a shot was fired. Finally, when the approaching column was within forty yards of the works, Coffee gave the command: "Aim for the centre of their cross belts!—Fire!"

Every bullet must have taken effect. The British ranks were shattered by a few volleys, and retreated terrified and in confusion. Soon, however, they formed again and started a second time on the hopeless undertaking. The charging column was now led by Packenham in person, "who," wrote Jackson, "was gallantly mounted and rode as though he was on parade."

Before coming within easy range of Coffee's men, Packenham was picked out by a sharpshooter from another part of the field and fell from his saddle mortally wounded. His troops marched on and were greeted as before with volleys of deadly fire; the shattered ranks retreated from the field, and they refused to form again. In less than an hour the riflemen had killed or wounded nearly half the attacking force, including Generals Packenham and Keane and a number of other prominent officers. Just how Jackson succeeded in losing his thirteen men, I can not tell, unless it was in some minor skirmish going on at the same time. A flag was sent to Jackson, permission granted to bury the dead, and the battle of New Orleans had been won. Lambert, who succeeded to command, realized that it would be useless to continue hostilities; he recalled Thornton from the other side of the river, and soon withdrew from Louisiana.

The battle of New Orleans did not affect the terms of the treaty which was already signed. But it was another proof—and the last needed—that the American militia, though adorned with little military paraphernalia, was, nevertheless, a match for trained English veterans, and that it could withstand a charging column and repel it with eminent success.

Varsity Verse.

BEING A SONG FOR THE EVENING.

HE west a topaz and one lit star,
 But the east is hidden; the tide sweeps in;
 With rent sail flapping my ship creeps in,
 And I chant no words o'er the harbor bar.

Heavy of heart and soul-asleep,
 I wear to anchor with empty hand;
 The night wind urges me out from land,
 The tide is spurning me back from the deep.

But lo! the light,—O Love's strange grace!—
 I gaze across the wide, void years,
 I hear through mist of wondering tears
 Thy sweet mouth's music, see thy face!

* *

O MONDE, VALE!

Good-by, proud world; I'm going Home.
 My bark awaits in yonder bay,
 Her slender prow all flecked with foam,
 Her bulwarks splashed with silvery spray.
 I tarry only that the breeze—
 The spirit-blast—may strain each shroud;
 Awake, ye winds of mystic seas,
 And waft us from a world too proud!

Farewell, poor world; I fain would hie
 Aboard the craft to skim the blue.
 And hark! my pilot calls. Good-by;
 A blessing be my last adieu!
 At last! The yards are clothed amain,
 And lashed the mystic waves to foam.
 Sail on, my bark, to Heaven again;—
 Farewell, chill world; I'm going Home!

J. B.

SWEET VALENTINE.

Sweet Valentine, I hardly dare
 To tell you all the love I bear
 For you, sweet child, with spirit-eyes,
 That beam like stars in evening skies.
 You are my star in life's dark care,
 The one true light midst passion's glare,
 Serene and bright beyond compare,
 My star of hope when daylight dies,—
 Sweet Valentine.

But yet I fear that danger lies
 In heaving sentimental sighs.
 I know with passion you'll declare,
 That "he's a horrid, silly bear,"
 But, nathless, love your scorn defies,
 Sweet Valentine.

J. F. C.

INCONSISTENCY.

"How soon their vows of love the men forget!"—
 She looked sad at the bills and shook her head—
 "Jack swore one time he'd die for me, and yet
 He now objects to being even bled."

C. M. B. B.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

MARTIN J. COSTELLO, '97.

There is no writer at the present time who has made so wonderful an advancement in the acquisition of a perfect style as did Robert Louis Stevenson. Of the great divinities in novel writing he is, without doubt, an equal to Walter Scott. As it is, he occupies an exalted position in the hearts of all true lovers of literature and before his shrine many worship. During his career as a man of letters he remembered well that the end of all art was to please; for his works, so perfectly written, overflow with depth of thought and brilliancy. It would be considered a daring attempt to criticise Stevenson on the part of anyone who knew how to write or to speak of him in words other than praise. It remains for every one, however, to say something as regards his work, whether it be a criticism or an encomium. Consequently, in this essay I will speak about certain qualities which pervade his books, giving, however, a short account of his life.

He was born and reared in the atmosphere of a respectable Scotch family; his father was a lighthouse engineer who had earned a well-deserved reputation in his profession. Edinburgh was his birthplace and his schoolground, while the university of that place taught him what a university could bestow in learning. Robert's father desired that he should follow in the footsteps of his sire and become an engineer; but persuasion could not overcome him, for his only desire was to be a man of letters. In order to please his kind and loving father, however, he studied law; yet the barrister's wig and the Blackstonian principles of jurisprudence did not delight him, and he laid them aside to pursue the calling which he loved so dearly. Not long after he had passed his twenty-first year, his enemy for life, consumption, put in its appearance, and from this he suffered much during the remainder of his career. Though harassed by this lingering disease he found ample time to write essays, tales and magazine articles "which brought him into decided good favor with the critics and the public." At the age of thirty-one he completed his first novel. "Treasure Island" was its title, and this book made him famous. While travelling from place to place in search of an atmosphere which he could breathe into his delicate lungs, he wrote several works,

every one of which gained success and brought fame to its author. The most notable are the "Master of Ballantrae," "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde," and "Kidnapped." The latter is considered the strongest and the best of the books mentioned.

"It is a great consolation and a much sought-for pleasure to leave behind one the plain and well-known facts of Stevenson's life, and, to speak of the man we honor and love, that we may admire the chivalric deeds celebrated by this consummate artist." The author of that romantic tale, "Treasure Island," was, indeed, an artist from the very beginning to the very end, "with all the sensitiveness, the quick sympathy, the finesse, the luxuriant imagination and necessity of expression which that divine word can imply."

It is often said that in his youth Stevenson could be seen trudging along the roadside or through the woodlands, with either a book or small tablet in his hand, writing about a scene which he had observed on his walk. He earnestly hoped to learn how to write. This was his only desire. With that wonderful talent bestowed upon him by God, which he manifested in his early years, he soon acquired by his industry and perseverance great proficiency in the selection and arrangement of words. He wrote many short themes for the purpose of perfecting his style and increasing his vocabulary, and it was only after many hours of patient and constant work that what he had written partially pleased him. These exercises of his youth, however, were continually destroyed on account of some failure, yet they were the stepping-stones towards Stevenson's improvement. These facts are mentioned that we may the more easily admire him whose remarkable productions and talent have astonished the world, and whose works every one desired to read, so that they might become familiar with him, through the exquisite and unique peculiarity of his personality which found its way into every one of his books.

Stevenson had gained from his laborious short themes thousands of words which obeyed his command and arranged themselves in phrases which, for freshness and vigor, have not been surpassed by four English writers of this century. Stevenson is, indeed, a consummate essayist. His essays have so much thought and beauty in them that they deserve to be ranked with those of Charles Lamb. The style is more ornate and argumentative than the inimitable narrative of his sparkling

and interesting stories. How piquant and graceful, how rich and suggestive they are! The play of words in "Virginibus Puerisque" and in parts of "Familiar Studies of Men and Books" is like the unsurpassing brilliancy of the sword, Excalibur.

It is not, however, as an author of essays that his name will be honored, but it is in his stories of adventure that he shall live. Stevenson knew his calling and wherein his artistic mission lay. The boys are his friends and to them he speaks and even to the men, for Wordsworth says "the child is father to the man." So long as daring exploits, gentlemen of fortune, hairbreadth escapes and so great villains as Long John Silver, Billy Bones and the Master of Ballantrae, so courageous and adventurous a knight as Alan Breck Stewart are remembered, so long will "Treasure Island," "The Master of Ballantrae" and "Kidnapped" hold their exalted position. No wonder we are delighted, and earnestly desire to read only books similar to the tale of "Treasure Island."

In this work of art, the audacious, indomitable and conscienceless villain, Long John Silver, is the great creation of Stevenson's powerful imagination. He stands before us in the wickedness of his deeds, with his murderous knife covered with the blood of a daring pirate, and apart from the wonderfully wrought incidents of the tale. Although the author casually mentions Long John but a few times in the first one hundred pages of his narrative as a "sea-faring man with one leg," yet his spirit permeates and dominates the story. Silver and his piratical parrot, Cap'n Flint, will be always remembered wherever they go. Long John, minus his leg, lost while in the service of pirate Flint, is the *princeps* of the gentlemen of fortune, since he is "the best man by a good sea mile." He is "very tall and strong, with a face as big as a ham-plain and pale, but intelligent and smiling. His big eye, a mere pinpoint in his big face, but gleaming like a crumb of glass. His left leg was cut off close by the hip, and under the left shoulder he carried a crutch, which he managed with wonderful dexterity, hopping about upon it like a bird." Thus Stevenson describes Long John, and a very remarkable man he is among the gentlemen of fortune. The pirates themselves fear Long John. His word is law. Israel Hands and Billy Bones were lambs in the presence of Silver, even "Flint his own self was feared of me. Feared he was and proud," says Silver. If such men as these dreaded "the sea-faring man

"with one leg," is it not probable that we should be terrified by him?

Stevenson's unsatisfied taste for the startling and unusual looms up before our eyes in every volume of his narrations. We draw back in horror when we read of the many murders so wickedly done. Yet one would shudder still more if one were aware that Stevenson himself were conscious of such ghastly sights, and if they appeared to him in broad daylight. These interesting and sparkling sea-stories are not narrated without loss of human life. Deaths, sudden and even expected, murders, battles, which we earnestly desire to be released from, roam about the land and travel over the deep blue sea. No less than twenty deaths occur in the story of "Treasure Island" before the *Hispaniola* had completed its round trip. Stevenson says: "Five men only of those who had sailed returned with her. 'Drink and the Devil had done for the rest' with a vengeance; although, to be sure, we were not quite in so bad a case as that other ship they sung about:

With one man of the crew alive
What put to sea with seventy-five."

Of the long narrations, the most tragic and the strongest is "The Master of Ballantrae." In this work we notice Stevenson's ingenious conception and dramatic delineation of the terrible. There is one scene which brings forth the author's unquenchable desire of the startling, and which exhibits some very striking power of thought and workmanship; it is where the Master of Ballantrae stabs Dutton in the quick-mire. Stevenson describes this scene in a very few words. He says: "Dutton laid down his pistol, and so watery was the top surface that it went clear out of sight; with an oath, he stooped to snatch it, and as he did so, Ballantrae leaned forth and stabbed him between the shoulders." The Master's villainy is more hateful and unmitigated than all other wickedness recorded in these stories. For all his evil deeds Stevenson does not wish to forsake even the most heartless villain in his hour of danger. He longs to protect the treacherous scoundrel if it be possible, and in the case of the Master he provides him with a body-guard, Secundra Dass. The Hindostanee is ever faithful to his wicked master, and even when he has been covered by Mother Earth, Secundra digs, under the radiant Adirondack moon, with blows resounding "on the grave as thick as sobs." The hatred we have borne with us through the story vanishes like a mist at the approach of the radiant sun. We earnestly wish that the

faithful servant may breathe life into that cold and stiff body, and we sympathize with him when the day dawns and his task is fruitless. This is, I believe, the most pathetic passage in the whole book.

After the death of a popular writer it is but natural to look around and consider if there is one who may be able to occupy the position left vacant. There is no living writer who is capable of succeeding Stevenson, for he held a very unique position in letters. He was loved and admired, and with all the admiration we bestowed upon him, we knew that he had not given to the world what he labored so conscientiously to give. At the time of his death he was working upon his masterpiece, "The Weir of Hermiston," which he left unfinished. What he has written will live.

In every one of his publications there was something in the personality of Stevenson that found its way into his writings and endeared him to his readers. The quality of an author comes home to us after he has laid down his pen forever. Yet we can say that the author of "Treasure Island" was an exception. He was always loved, and when the Angel of Death appeared, no more sorrowful hearts were there than the weeping natives who cut through forest and brush to the high tomb where they laid him, to sleep the sleep of the just.

A Boat Race on the Charles.*

JOHN F. FENNESEY, '99.

There are many rivers in America, most of which are noted for various reasons. Washington made the Delaware famous; Wolfe immortalized the St. Lawrence, but the Charles owes its fame to Longfellow and Holmes. The lower mouth of the river is influenced by the tides, and depends for its water on the rise and fall of the ocean; and when the water falls, bare, unsightly flats are exposed to view. Its channel is too shallow for steamers, and this makes it a paradise for pleasure craft. The long, snaky prows of the Harvard shells poke their noses along the winding course; row-boats dot the surface of the water; canoes seek the shelter of the banks.

Many a boat race has the staid old Charles witnessed from the time when Indian canoes

* Read at a meeting of the St. Cecilians, Wednesday, February 10.

danced on its bosom, either in peaceful trials or warlike bursts of speed. Then the chief spectators were the astonished crows or kingfishers. The participants wore costumes of bear skin, war-paint and feathers; but now, as the French expression goes, *nous avons changé tout cela*. The Indian in his war-paint has been replaced by the oarsman in his jersey, and the canoe by the shell.

Imagine yourself in one of those slender crafts. The first shot has been fired to warn delinquents to hurry. Anxious friends have taken a last look at you before betting their money. Your trainer has examined your seat, oars, locks and straps, and has given the last words of advice. The second shot is fired, and you shoot away from the boathouse.

For a moment the sky reels and you are conscious only of a blot of gay colors on a background of green. Then your vision clears. You see that there are three others in the boat with you. One of them is a stranger, but his style is clumsy so you do not fear him. Ten Eyck nods and says he will have revenge for his defeat at Saratoga. Away off over the treacherous eel-grass lies another scull. He wears the Shawmut R. C. colors, and, from the way he handles his oars, he is likely to prove a formidable rival.

You hear the starter shout through his megaphone: "Ten Eyck, come up. You in the blue, hold water. Here, Hawes, backwater." Then comes the final shot and the race is off. The fellow you have set down as a novice starts off with an awful stroke,—about 42. He is seven lengths in the lead when Ten Eyck begins to crawl up. The "booby," as you have christened him, has become fagged and drops into Ten Eyck's water,—at least so you would think from the shouts of the judge. Suddenly his stern bumps Ten Eyck's bow and Ten lays on his oars and claims a foul which is allowed by the judge. Eyck then rows back to wait for the finals, leaving you to fight it out with the Shawmut man. You hear the shouts and see your rival spurting. Up you go with him, and then the real fight begins. Every ounce of strength seems to have left your limbs; the oars feel like lead, and still you row on mechanically.

Now the finish is but seventy yards away. Your ears are singing and the cheering seems far away. Dark spots dance before your eyes; then a gun bangs, and you row slowly up to the bank and are lifted from your shell. Some one says: "You won, Hawes; but that new one will make a great oarsman."

Books and Magazines.

TENNYSON'S "THE PRINCESS." Crown Svo, cloth. New York. Longmans, Green & Co.

To Longmans' English Classics has been added Tennyson's "The Princess." In the first part of an excellent introduction there is a brief sketch of the poet's life; in the second there is an outline of the story. Here also the characterization is aptly touched upon; a semi-analysis of the plot, the situations and character is attempted, which is full of suggestion and interest. The ground theme of the poem is developed in a clear and pleasing style. The literary value of the work is shown, and the method of Tennyson in producing word-pictures is pointed out. "Suggestions to Teachers" is a chapter worthy of consideration. A valuable chronological table containing the principal biographical and bibliographical dates in the poet's career, and also the dates of birth and death of his contemporaries in literature, is given. In the appendix may be found a short history of the poem, a table of parallelisms, a short explanation of the "songs" and "weird seizures." The foot notes are brief but sufficient. A reproduction in black and white of Tennyson's portrait, after the painting by G. F. Watts, forms the frontispiece. The print is clear and of sensible size; the binding is in strong cloth. The book, while intended for the class-room, will also prove interesting, instructive and valuable to the general reader.

—Such a magazine as the *Catholic University Bulletin*, by reason of the subjects it handles and more especially of the depth to which these subjects are examined, might well excite fear in the youthful reviewer. But the *Bulletin's* articles are, as a rule, well written, and this fact takes away much of the mystery which surrounds metaphysical, economic, historical or mathematical themes. The January number begins with a long article entitled "John Fiske on the Idea of God." The Hon. Carroll D. Wright contributes a paper on "Religion in Politics." Other subjects are discussed under the headings, "Sources of Anglo-Norman Church History," "Prehistoric Law and Custom," "Principles of a New Line-Geometry." The book reviews in the *Bulletin* are always interesting from the student's point of view. Rarely can you find a paragraph which does not contain or suggest some principle of literary criticism. Its notes on the Gaelic works are especially important.

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Reporters.

—“The Ten Dollar Bill,” which appeared in our last issue, was inadvertently printed as an original story. We take the earliest opportunity of stating, in justice to ourselves and to the periodical concerned, that it was an imitation of “The Blow-Out at Jenkins’s Grocery,” which appeared in the Christmas number of *The Black Cat*, and that it was written merely as a class exercise.

. —Talking about college customs, it would be well to add another to the meagre list now observed. Photographs of students are always in demand at the University, and experience has shown that when they are not presented during the students’ undergraduate days they are rarely presented afterward. Efforts have been made of late years to get photographs of the alumni, but a glance at the few frames hanging on the walls of Sorin Hall proves the ill success of the venture. To offset this difficulty in the future, then, the SCHOLASTIC respectfully offers the members of the Senior class the suggestion of putting their “counterfeit presents” together, and on Decoration Day, or some other occasion, handing them over to the Rector of Sorin Hall, with the hope that each succeeding class may do likewise.

—The programme for Monday next will be an elaborate one. In the forenoon the Class of ninety-seven in cap and gown bedight—for these academic robes are at length a reality—will respect the custom instituted by their immediate predecessors, and present to the University and to the students a new edition of “Old Glory.” An appropriate programme has been arranged.

In the afternoon of the same day the University Stock Company will put upon the boards the famous tragedy “The Corsican Brothers.” Judging from the personnel of the Company, we may expect an excellent play. Speech and song and music will, of course, fill in the intervals, and before the sun goes down the Father of his Country will have been honored as no other man is honored on that day.

—Time was when the SCHOLASTIC verse was at once the envy and the delight of our contemporaries. A few years ago—before the present Staff had come to realize the joys and sorrows of the sanctum—a certain column, cycled “Trifles Light as Air,” aroused feelings of genuine pleasure in our breasts. We longed for Saturday, the day of publication, and if perchance we saw—clandestinely, of course,—a galley-proof of poetry, the pleasure derived therefrom more than compensated for the qualms of a guilty conscience. And how we venerated those SCHOLASTIC poets! Soon the “Trifles”—perhaps for the sake of variety, perhaps because their specific gravity had increased with age—developed into the “Varsity Verse,” which has ever since continued with varying success to do battle with the Muse. Recently, it must be confessed, Fortune has not always decided in the poets’ favor. Despite the Ajax-like exertions of the verse-editor, who leaves no stone unturned in the hope that he may find “copy” beneath, the verse has declined in the SCHOLASTIC columns. This is a strange admission for us, but we are wont to be frank. Now and then, however,—for the advent of the poet is determined by no human laws—we print in these pages lines worthy almost of a Shelley or a Keats. But these are rare lapses, which barely make up for the mediocrity of the ordinary verse. We respectfully request, then, that any student who may feel within him the workings of the Muse do forthwith put pen to paper, record the words of the oracle, and rush without hesitation to the sanctum, where he will receive the aggregated thanks of ye editors.

The Slayton Concert.

On Saturday evening the second musical number of the Concert Course was successfully filled by the Slayton Grand Concert Company. Indeed it was a new pleasure for the lovers of good music. It is all well enough that we should sometimes give ear to the so-called popular airs which become more incongruous at each repetition, and let slip a word or two of flattery to the one that has done her best, but which best is not very good. But to take a disinterested part and then give praise throws a different color upon our words. There were few who did not express their satisfaction after this concert. Every number of the programme was well selected from the best composers,—those who are favorites for most of us,—and every selection was well adapted to the abilities of the musicians. All that was played, was exceedingly well done.

The *Erl King*—the initial number—gave a favorable impression for the whole concert. In this, Miss Jeanne Scott was at her best; though, perhaps, the effect of the music was somewhat marred by the imperfections of the piano. The low notes could not be brought out loud and clear without a perceptible rattling of the bass strings of the instrument. In Liszt's *Twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody*, this defect was not noticed. Miss Scott's technique alone is worthy of admiration, if her interpretation was not so full and broad as that of the great pianists.

Miss Edith Adams was also a master of her instrument. The *Grand Fantasie le Desir* on the violincello is sufficient to prove this. There was no wavering of semitones in any part, difficult as it was. The tone might have been fuller, though very little so. Her rendition of Schubert's *Serenade*, as an encore, was very good, and the spirit of the piece was brought out clearly. The *Concerto* of Goltermann showed wonderful skill, as did also Popper's *Elf Dance*, the favorite piece of musicians, which Max Bendix played on the violin at the first concert.

Miss Mae Estelle Acton sang very well the numbers of the programme which fell to her share. The timbre of her voice is not of the best; but this is overshadowed by the wonderful control she has over it. Moreover, the *Aria* and *Rigolletto* were well adapted to her powers. The Lullaby, which she sang as an encore, was, as Tennyson would have it, very sweet and low.

A Word to Smokers.

A number of students have shown symptoms of ill-health from excessive use of tobacco, and I have therefore been asked to give some information upon the effects of smoking. I shall attempt to write of these effects as impartially as possible, because there is a tendency observable in all reformers toward special pleading, and because those who know me may accuse me of not practising what I preach. As Portia says, "It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching"; but that will not excuse you if you despise this teaching.

Most adults may smoke tobacco in moderation with little or no bad effect; other adults suffer from catarrh of the air-passages and from dyspepsia even after moderate use of the plant. Some boys between the ages of seventeen and twenty years are affected by tobacco in about the same manner as adults; others are badly injured in general health,—the nourishment of the boy is rendered insufficient and he is stunted and weakened. A youngster under seventeen years of age who uses tobacco in any form needs spanking.

There is a powerful alkaloid, Nicotia, in the plant upon which the poisonous properties mostly depend. Nicotia in a large quantity acts with great rapidity. Taylor, in his "Medical Jurisprudence," relates a case of a man who took a dose of pure Nicotia and dropped instantly to the floor unconscious. He was dead in three minutes. There is enough Nicotia in the smoke of burning tobacco and in the juice of chewed tobacco to produce poisonous effects.

The excessive use of tobacco causes irritation of mucous membranes along the air-passages and induces catarrh; it invariably causes more or less dyspepsia; it sometimes affects the optic nerve, and brings on partial or complete blindness; it not infrequently causes nervous palpitation of the heart, and enlargement of the heart. These heart affections are usually not very dangerous when coming from tobacco alone. I shall mention these effects again. What would be a moderate use of tobacco in an adult would be an excessive use in a boy. I call four or five ordinary briarwood-pipefuls in twenty-four hours a moderate use of tobacco for a man. I am of opinion that the worst form in which tobacco is used is in the cigarette,

because the cigarette is inhaled, and because its convenient size and its cheapness lead one into excessive use of tobacco in spite of oneself. When you inhale you expose more mucous surface to the nicotine, and more nicotine is consequently absorbed than in other manners of using tobacco. The smoke goes down by inhalation to about the branching of the bronchi. I do not think it goes into the lung itself. When tobacco is chewed considerable nicotine may be swallowed with saliva, and get into the circulation from the stomach. In any manner of using tobacco the dyspepsia is caused by the swallowed saliva which carries nicotine down to the stomach. Of course, if one inhaled the smoke from a cigar or a pipe the effect would be worse than if it came from a cigarette, because the tobacco is stronger in the cigar and pipe.

It is said that opium is sometimes put in cigarette tobacco, but this is very doubtful, if for no other reason than that opium is a costly drug. Again we are told that the paper which wraps the tobacco of a cigarette is sometimes toughened with arsenic. I do not know whether this assertion has any truth in it, but even if true the arsenic would probably not be injurious.

The cigarette, then, is especially injurious because it is inhaled; secondly, because a boy can use it when he has only a minute for "a smoke," and both these facts, together with its cheapness, as I said before, lead to excess in the use of tobacco. A strong argument against the use of cigarettes is that no gentleman has a right to do anything which is offensive to persons in his presence, and the stench of a cigarette is always offensive to any one who does not use the vile thing, even to old smokers of clay pipes. Nothing need be said concerning the chewing of tobacco because that is a habit of the bar-room and the stable; if, however, you believe in extending this privilege of the American sansculotte to yourself you should know that it is an evil method in which to use tobacco as regards health. I have observed that the use of cigars is a more potent cause of catarrh than is pipe-smoking, because the smoke is more acrid.

The dyspepsia brought on by tobacco induces dulness of mind, languor, lack of general body-tone, because it prevents proper food-assimilation. If you have a difficult examination before you, or if you are training for any athletic contest, do not use tobacco for fear of dyspepsia.

If you have been a heavy smoker do not stop

suddenly because you will get very nervous, owing to the deprivation of narcotic stimulation, just as a drunkard gets delirium tremens when the stimulation of alcohol is suddenly taken from him. Smoke after each meal, and gradually stop. It is worse to smoke or chew when the stomach is empty than when it is full, and it is especially bad to use tobacco before breakfast.

If you are a smoker and you notice any dimness in your sight, stop tobacco instantly and go to an oculist. Affections of the optic nerve by tobacco are very dangerous. If you have not begun the use of tobacco do not be foolish enough to begin. If you have become a confirmed smoker use a pipe. Do not keep a meerschaum pipe because it is dirty. Get two or three English "bull-dog" pipes which you can keep clean by removing the central rod. Smoke these in succession so that they will be kept dry. Use a pipe with an ordinary-sized bowl, and do not smoke more than one pipeful at a time. The German-student's pipe would be the best form if the bowl were not so large.

DR. AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

Baseball Notes.

The appearance of Sockalexis and Chassaing in the training quarters has put new life into the other candidates, and made the hearts of the local fans glow with joy unbounded. His fielding, batting, and throwing have made assurance double sure that we have in him a star player. Chassaing needs no introduction to local baseball enthusiasts, and, in fact, his reputation as a ball player is well known throughout western colleges.

The news that Gibson, who has been detained at home on account of illness, will soon return has made every local admirer of the national game fairly bubble over with enthusiasm. With Gibson in the box and Powers behind the bat we are sure of a battery second to none in the Western college world. Gibby, always cool and steady, will prove an insolvable puzzle to the heavy batters of our opponents. Our other pitchers are also showing up in such a shape as to assure us of great strength in the box.

All the men are in better shape now than was last year's team at the opening of the season, and by the time the weather will permit out-door practice, the team will be in as good condition as were the teams of former years at the close of the season.

Exchanges.

The *Brunonian* still maintains its high standard. The last number contains three humorous stories which have considerable merit. The other portions of the journal are up to their usual mark, and that vouches for their excellence. The *Brunonian* rightly bears the reputation of being a model university paper. It is a credit to the men who edit it, a credit to Brown University and a credit to the students of the University.

The Villanova Monthly by appearing in a new and handsome dress has manifested that its editors are thoroughly up to date. Its present form is that of a modern magazine. It is tasty and convenient, and entirely unlike the awkward, ungainly paper which formerly came as the *Villanova Monthly*. Its contents are also of a high grade, and we congratulate its editors upon the progressive and enterprising spirit they have displayed.

The Cornell Daily Sun of February 1 contains a clear and strong exposition of Cornell's position in conferring the degree of A. B. upon candidates who have not passed through the customary training in Latin and Greek. As this exposition is contained in a speech of President Schurman in defence of the system, we can take it as coming from headquarters. As far as we are able to judge, the entire system is nothing more than the coalescing of the different bachelor degrees into "one degree which should signify that a man or woman has secured that higher education best suited to his talents and the far-reaching purposes of his life." In other words, it is to have one general degree instead of the particular ones now given; to confer a degree upon a man saying that he has a good education, but not designating the particular line of study he has pursued. There may be some logical reason for a college adopting such a course; still we think that the traditional degrees, by which we can tell at a glance just what course of study a man has followed, are much to be preferred. We would not like to class pharmacists, dentists, veterinarians, and physicians all under the general title of M. D., just because they have all studied medicine. Cornell has taken a big step forward; but we doubt if many of the larger institutions will soon follow in its footsteps, at least in this regard.

Personals.

—Arthur M. Jelonak, of Brownson Hall, entertained his father on last Friday.

—Mr. William Kegler, of Sorin Hall, received a visit from his father during the past week.

—Mrs. Beardslee, of Mount Vernon, Ohio, recently spent a few days with her sons Louis and George.

—Mrs. J. W. Tuohy, of Chicago, paid a very pleasant visit last week to her son Joseph, of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. Gilmartin, of Fort Wayne, Ind., spent last Thursday and Friday in visiting his son Edward of the Law Department.

—Mr. James Mallon, of South Bend, accompanied by his niece, Miss Doyle, of Bay City, Michigan, were welcome visitors last Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Kasper, of Chicago, spent Sunday in visiting their sons and nephews, of the University, and their daughters of St. Mary's Academy.

—Mrs. McBride, of Chicago, is visiting her four sons of the Minim Department. Mrs. McBride has many friends at the University to whom her visits are always a pleasure.

—Rev. Father Yenn, of Goshen, Ind., was the guest of the Senior Greek class on Monday last. His visit was a most pleasant one, and his many old and new friends hope that he will come again soon and stay longer next time.

—Messrs. Finnigan and O'Shaughnessy, of the *Chicago Chronicle*, were the welcome guests of Frank and Martin O'Shaughnessy on Saturday last. During their brief stay the gentlemen made numerous friends, who hope for an early repetition of their visit.

—The friends of Reverend James F. Quinn, LL. B., '78, of Chatsworth, Ill., who was noted for his powers as an orator while a student at Notre Dame, will not be surprised to hear of his great success in lecturing throughout Illinois. He has made his late trip to Europe the basis of one of his most successful lectures.

—Mr. M. C. Mozier (student '92) is engaged in business in Frederickton, O., and according to Dame Rumor he is meeting with great success. None of his friends are more delighted to hear of his prosperity than are those whom he made during his college days. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him even greater success in the future.

—The many friends of the Rev. Daniel J. McGlaughlin (A. M. '95) were delighted to have him among us last week. Since Father McGlaughlin has been stationed at Hillsdale his visits have been few and far between; so when he is able to visit his friends here, they are more than glad to see him. He has many warm friends among the members of the Faculty and the student body, and they are always ready to extend to him a most hearty welcome. We trust Father McGlaughlin will come soon again.

Local Items.

—The competitions will be held next Tuesday and Wednesday.

—Booze is gone. It is hinted that the T. S. froze him out. Sorry!

—Lost.—A pearl handle knife. Finder, please return to Louis Reed, Brownson Hall.

—And the golden locks were hanging on the desks. Copy right, Dukette, Duffy and Co.

—It is said that a Brownsonite who sits by one of the study-hall windows, recently requested a young lady friend to send him a cushion for his *window-seat*.

—The Orpheus Club will give a brilliant reception in the near future, and arrangements to that end are now under way. A number of South Bend people will be invited to attend.

—“I cannot get this river scene to look natural,” said Hanhauser to his fellow artist, Robert Fox. “Why don’t you go down stairs and watch the pump drawing water?” replied the latter.

—“It’s funny,” said Mueller, rolling his eyes towards the heavens, “they say that Friday is a fast day, but I don’t think it is any faster than any other day. I know I plug my time out just the same.”

—Professor (reading student’s essay).—“His breath was as heavy as lead and came in hoarse pants.” (Prof. addressing student).—“This is a rather loose expression.” Student.—“I do not mean that it was attired in that costume.”

—A gentleman called at our office this morning and informed us that Tomaso had been “held up” while returning from the basket-ball game on Wednesday evening. We don’t doubt the gentleman’s word, but circumstances are against his story.

—“I see you have any number of *rising* young gentlemen here,” said the new student. “Indeed we have,” replied O’Shaughnessy, rubbing his hands enthusiastically. “Especially do you notice this about 6:30 in the morning,” continued the new student as he walked slowly away.

—The Brownson Hall law students have come to the conclusion that the Sorinates have at last raised the “necessary,” and purchased a package of smoking tobacco, since they have seen fit to bar Brownsonites from their smoking-room. Courage, Browns! the package of tobacco will not last forever.

—A kind father lately wrote to his son who is a Brownson Hall law student, complimenting the young man upon his recent streak of economy. “Why,” wrote the father, “I do not send you one-half as much spending money as I used to.” “I know you don’t, father,” wrote back the young man; “but you see the Sorinates

are purchasing their own tobacco nowadays.”

—“Tis a miserable life I lead,” whispered Gilmartin’s modest mustache to McCarrick’s stalwart sideburns. “Why so,” answered the latter, “your presence seems to cause your owner great pleasure.” “If it does, I don’t notice it,” returned the mustache. “My owner is not only continually *picking* at me, but to add to my misery, somebody is forever calling me *down*.”

—A reprehensible practice is that of the cab-drivers who leave their vehicles standing in front of the main building in such a position as to obstruct completely the walk from Sorin Hall. This has been a source of great annoyance and much inconvenience during the past week to students who have been obliged to wade through the mud and slush on account of somebody’s negligence or ignorance. Will some one please make the “cabbies” move on?

—The annual celebration of the birthday of Washington will take place next Monday. There will be Mass a 8 o’clock, and the presentation of a flag to the College by the Class of ’97 at 10 o’clock. In the afternoon exercises will take place in Washington Hall at 3 o’clock. Mr. Edward E. Brennan, ’97, will be the orator of the day. The Stock Company will present “The Corsican Brothers,” a romantic drama in four acts. Between the acts the University Orchestra will play under the direction of Professor Preston.

—In the excitement incident to the minstrel show and the subsequent funerals, we forgot all about the sleighing party which Brother Hilarion took on a tour of inspection of the circumjacent roads. While passing through the city with a goodly accompaniment of yells and songs, the man on the rear seat overheard one progressive citizen remark to another that “them college boys must be agoin’ to play football again.” Shamus sang several songs in his own inimitable manner, and when St. Mary’s was reached the iron dogs were startled from their icy beds by the strains of “Alma Mater” proceeding from twenty hoarse but willing throats. To this symphonious treat the girls failed to respond, though Burke did declare that he heard some one waving a handkerchief. The dinner at Hotel d’Hayney fully sustained the reputation of that pretentious hostelry, and after cigars and *café noir* had been discussed the four-in-hand sped homewards and everybody was happy.

—The Athletic Association is an object of fashionable charity just now, and Father Kirsch helped the good work along on Thursday by giving a stereopticon entertainment in the Music Hall. The views were varied, interesting and amusing, ranging all the way from photographs of Gregori’s masterpieces, to a ludicrous sketch which was supposed to represent Brucker eating rats. Champion baseball and football teams of by-gone years called up

pleasant memories, and everybody appeared to recognize an old friend when the three donkeys appeared on the scene. The Minims insisted on a curtain call when their neighborhood was reached, and if anyone had forgotten "Chub" Dugas or "Teedles" McPhee, his memory would have been rejuvenated by the chorus of stage whispers which greeted their appearance. A snap-shot view of the Red Mill showed Bones and Barney on a still hunt for geological specimens. The greatest hit was perhaps when, by an ingenious arrangement of the slides, Father Kirsch took his audience on an imaginary visit to St. Mary's, permitted them to ramble through the beautiful grounds and then brought them safely back to the realm of perfection.

—A new picture—a likeness of the Varsity Team of '96, and perhaps the greatest of all the athletic pictures which grace the walls of the Brownson reading-room,—was added to collection Thursday afternoon. It was not informally fastened to the wall and left there to be noticed only when the wandering student chanced to glance in its direction. No; that would be disrespectful to the noble heroes whose likenesses it bore. On the contrary, exercises commemorative of the brilliant victories of '96 were held in the Brownson reading-room. The matter of unveiling the picture was assigned to Mr. F. Dukette, who briefly recounted the triumphs of '96, and then formally removed the shroud. The conquests of the past season were brought vividly to the minds of the students in a brilliant address delivered by Mr. F. E. Hering. Charles M. Niezer spoke of the outlook for '97, and Francis O'Shaughnessy delivered a brief, witty address on "What might have happened if the anti-football bill became a law." The proceedings were interspersed with violin solos by Messrs. McCormack and Rowan, a piano selection by F. J. Confer, and the old song "The Gold and Blue," by F. Bouwens. Louis C. Reed officiated as master of ceremonies. The entertainment was concluded with "Alma Mater" sung by the students.

—There is a report circulating among the local capitalists that Mr. Stewart B. Wiseacre, of Chicago, will erect a factory at an early date where his wonderful Hair Shampoo and Invigorator will be manufactured for the market. A SCHOLASTIC reporter called on Mr. Wiseacre at his private office in the Sorin building yesterday, and was fortunate enough to obtain an interview with the genial Scotch inventor.

"When will you begin to build, Mr. Wiseacre?" asked the reporter.

"Hoot, mon!" he said between the puffs of his bonnie brier pipe. "A' dinna ken mickle tha' sic hobble," he added with a smile.

"I thought as much," said the reporter. "Has the company been formed yet?"

"Weel, a've maist sall naethin' aboot it.

A' dinna ken today. Wi' hard wark Jamie Geoghegan an' Maister Sandy Kegler iss div, an' a'll spier (ask) tae hoploch which a' cudna tak awa wi' me."

"Do you still use the shampoo yourself, Mr. Wiseacre?"

"Hoot awa," he said with a merry laugh. "A' juist used it wance, an' a' hae nae mair hair noo. A'll try it juist wance mair, aber nit. Wi' mickle koot an' sic a' nicht maist exasperatin'—maist exasperatin'."

Then he reached for his favorite book, "The Wee, Wee Galoot," and the reporter withdrew.

SOCIETY NOTES.

THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.—At the regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society last Thursday evening, the subject: "Resolved, That a high standing in class should be an essential condition for admittance into athletic contests between colleges," was warmly discussed by Messrs. Burke and Niezer for the affirmative and Messrs. Campbell and Morris for the negative. The arguments of Mr. Niezer especially were clear and convincing, and his plea for class standing as an essential condition evoked the hearty endorsement of his hearers. The society was also entertained by Mr. Thos. Lowery who recited "The Moor's Revenge." At the meeting two weeks hence the following debate will come up for discussion: "Resolved, That the hope of reward is a greater incentive to exertion than the fear of punishment." The affirmative will be supported by Messrs. Jas. Bennett and Ed. Brown, and the negative by Messrs. Geo. Hanhauser and M. T. Daly.—The society will present the clever drama "The Ticket of Leave Man," on March 17. The different characters were assigned to the members at a special meeting held last Sunday night.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—The Total Abstinence Society began the New Year with bright prospects and a large assembly. After Father Burns had recounted briefly the object of the association, an interesting program was carried out. Mr. O'Brien sang a new song, but Mr. Brucker was serious and his talk on "One Phase of Temperance Work" was eloquent and eminently practical as well. Mr. Daly read a very interesting, instructive, and well-written essay on "Intemperance and Pauperism." Mr. Duperier delivered a stirring recitation which was appropriate and well received. Then, on motion, the suggestion was adopted that in the near future, a public entertainment should be given, and details were discussed that assure an excellent program. Mr. Bennett was the next speaker, and his discourse abounded in practical illustrations and practical advice, showing from experience how the work of temperance could be best promoted. No more could be said of his speech than that it was a fitting conclusion to a very enjoyable meeting.

—The three picked basket-ball teams—one each from Brownson, Sorin and Carroll Halls—got their dress-suit cases and their carpet-bags together last Wednesday night, and with many a lusty college cheer were driven down to the handsome home of the Commercial Athletic Club in South Bend, where they were scheduled to play three exhibition "halves" that evening. Upon their arrival the students were shown through the beautifully furnished club-house by members of the C. A. C., and then the men donned their uniforms and appeared upon the floor. The first "half" lasted twenty-one minutes and was between Sorin and Brownson Halls. The manager announced before the series began that the teams would play twenty minute "halves," but as the score was four to four at the end of that time, the teams played over time in order to break the tie. Donovan threw the winning goal from the field, and raised the final score six to four in Brownson's favor.—Goals from Field, Shillington, Fox, Donovan, Brownson Hall; Foul, Martin; Total points scored, six. Goals from Field, Kegler, Atherton, Sorin Hall; Fouls, Geoghegan, Atherton, Medley; Total points scored, 4; Time 21 min.—The second game of the series was between Carroll and Brownson Halls. The Carroll men made a good appearance. Their dark blue jerseys with the letters "C. H." worked in a neat monogram of red looked very well. Both teams played with snap and the contest was close and exciting. The final score was three to two in favor of Carroll Hall.—Goals from Field, Cornell, Carroll Hall; Goals from Foul, Fennessey; Foul, Cornell; Total points scored, 3. Goal from Field, O'Shaughnessy, Brownson Hall; Fouls, Shillington, 2; Total points scored, 2; Time, 20 minutes.—The third and last game was between the Sorin and Carroll teams. By this time the Carroll men were becoming accustomed to the goals and began to throw with more accuracy. At the end of the twenty-minutes' play the score was 6 to 1 in favor of Carroll Hall. Mr. D. P. Murphy refereed all the games and Mr. F. E. Hering umpired.—Goals from Field, Naughton, Cornell, Burns, Carroll Hall; Fouls, Naughton, Burns; Total points scored, 6; Goals from Foul, Kegler, Sorin Hall; Foul, Steiner; Total points scored, 1; Time, 20 min.—Several hundred spectators were seated on the running track above the players. This was the first game of basket-ball many of them had ever seen, but all were very much interested, and applauded frequently. After the last contest the players were supplied with bathing suits, by members of the club, and then they took possession of the large swimming tank in the basement, where they enjoyed themselves until it was time to return. Then the carriages started back to the college; and one of the most enjoyable evenings of the session came to a close. The C. A. C. has the hearty thanks of the basket-ball players for the generous reception given them.

Roll of Honor

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Brennan, Barry, Bryan, Byrne, Cavanagh, Delaney, Fagan, Fitzpatrick, Golden, Kegler, Lantry, Murphy, Miller, Medley, Minney, McDonald, McNamara, McDonough, F. O'Malley, R. O'Malley, O'Hara, Palmer, Piquette, Rosenthal, Ragan, Reilly, Sullivan, Sheehan, Sanders, Steiner, Spalding.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, W. Berry, J. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Baab, Brucker, Barry, Bouwens, Baloun, Bennett, Bommersbach, Crawford, Campbell, Cypher, Cuneo, Crowley, Cullinane, Collins, A. Casey, J. Cavanaugh, J. Casey, Dreher, Duperier, Dukette, Davies, Dowd, Daly, Dooley, Desmond, Davis, Dixon, Ellison, Fetherstone, Fadeley, Fox, C. Flannigan, Follen, Foulks, Fehr, Farrell, M. Flannigan, Fleming, Grady, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gilbert, Gilmartin, Guilfoyle, Guerra, C. Gray, Hoban, Hengen, Hesse, Howard, E. Hake, Hanhouser, L. Hake, Hermann, Haley, J. Hesse, Howell, Hurst, Hartung, Johnson, Jelonak, Kidder, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kraus, Kearney, Koehler, Kuhl, Lyons, Landers, Lowery, Lutz, Lieb, Murphy, Meagher, Mullen, Morris, W. Monahan, Mueller, Meyers, Monarch, Moorhead, Maurus, Martin, Miller, McCarrick, McCormack, McNichols, McMillan, McGinnis, McConn, McDonald, Nye, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Brien, Pickett, Putnam, Paras, Quinn, Quandt, Reed, Rahe, Stearns, Speake, Smoger, Stuhlfauth, Scott, Summers, San Roman, Schulte, Singler, Spalding, Scheubert, Sockalexis, Thiele, Thams, Taylor, Tong, Tuhy, Tomlinson, Toba, F. Taylor, Vogt, Weadock, Ward, Wigg, Welker, Wieczorek, Wimberg, Williams, Wynne, E. Zaehnle, O. Zaehnle.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, R. Armijo, P. Armijo, Alexander, Beardslee, Becker, Berger, Breslin, Burke, Burns, Brand, Cornell, M. Condon, T. Condon, Corby, Coquillard, Cowie, Curtis, Conklin, Darst, Dellone, Davidson, Devine, Dinnen, Druiding, Drejer, Delaney, Elliott, Ellwanger, Ernst, Fennessey, Fox, A. Fish, L. Fish, Funk, Frank, Fleming, Friedman, Gimbel, Grossart, Garrity, Hoban, Houck, Herron, Hanley, Heffelfinger, Hinze, Herbert, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Keiffer, Kelly, Kiley, Kirkland, Kilgallen, Klein, Krug, J. Kuntz, Land, Leach, Lovett, Lyle, Maher, Meagher, Moore, Mohn, Mooney, Morgan, Morrissey, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, T. Murray, R. Murray, R. Murray, Moxley, Mueller, Merz, Michels, McCallen, McCarthy, McDonnell, McElroy, McIntyre, J. McMahon, O. McMahon, McMaster, McNamara, McNichols, McDonald, T. Naughton, D. Naughton, J. Naughton, Nolan, Noonan, Nast, Newell, F. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, O'Malley, O'Neill, Ordetx, Peterson, Pohlman, Powers, Pulford, Putnam, Pyle, Quinlan, Reuss, Richon, Schaffhausen, Sample, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Schmidt, Schmitt, E. Sheeky, Shiels, Shillington, Shea, Slevin, Sullivan, Swan, Stengel, Szybowicz, Swiney, Schwabe, J. Taylor, Tong, Wagenmann, H. St. Clair, Ward, J. Ward, Walsh, Waite, Watterson, Wells, Wilson, Weadock.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Atkinson, Arnold, Abrahams, Abercrombie, Allyn, Butler, Bosworth, C. Bode, F. Bode, Blanchfield, Beardslee, Burton, Clarke, Casparis, Cressy, Cunnea, Craig, Cotter, Cowie, Dougherty, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Dessaner, Edgarton, Ebbert, Ervin, Engelmann, Frost, Fetter, Freeman, Frane, Griffith, Garrity, Hall, Hart, Hearne, Jonquet, R. Kasper, C. Kelly, Leclerque, Lovell, Lawton, Leisander, E. Manion, P. Manion, McMaster, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, M. McMahon, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, McConnell, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, Phillips, Paul, G. Quertinmont, E. Quertinmont, Ryan, Rees, Reynolds, Redpath, Robbins, Steele, Strauss, Spillard, Seymour, Shields, Strong, Trentman, Tillotson, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, Veneziani, Welch, Wilde, Weber, Wigg.